



## Select Poetry.

### MY TRUNDLE BED.

OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

As I rummage'd through the attic,  
Listening to the falling rain,  
And against the window pane;  
Peeping over chests and boxes,  
Which with dust were thickly spread,  
Saw I in the farthest corner  
What was once my trundle bed.  
So I drew it from the recess,  
Where it had remained so long,  
Hearing all the while the music  
Of my mother's voice in song,  
As she sang in sweetest accents,  
What I since have often read—  
"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,  
Holy angels guard thy bed."  
As I listen'd, recollections  
That I thought had been forgot,  
Came with all the gush of memory  
Rushing, thronging to the spot.  
And I wander'd back to childhood,  
To those merry days of yore,  
When I knelt beside my mother,  
By this bed upon the floor.  
There it was, with hands so gently  
Placed upon my infant head,  
That she taught my lips to utter  
Carefully the words she said:  
Never can they be forgotten,  
Deep are they in memory riven—  
"Hallowed be thy name, O Father!  
Father! thou who art in heaven!"  
Years have passed, and that dear mother,  
Long has moulder'd 'neath the sod,  
And I trust her sainted spirit  
Revels in the home of God.  
But that scene at summer twilight,  
Never has from memory fled,  
And it comes in all its freshness  
When I see my trundle bed.  
This she taught me, then she told me  
Of its import, great and deep—  
After which I learned to utter  
"Now I lay me down to sleep."  
Then it was, with hands uplifted,  
And in accents soft and mild,  
That my mother said—"O Father!  
Father! do thou bless my child!"

## Popular Tales.

### TO BE SHOT AT SUN-SET. A TALE OF THE LATE WAR.

BY W. SCOTT WAY.

The night was dark. There was no moon, and heavy sombre clouds obscured the stars. A body of United States troops, numbering between twelve and fifteen hundred, under command of Colonel Robert Harris, were encamped on the bank of a rapid stream, in the eastern part of Tennessee.

No light shone in the camp, and no sound was to be heard except the regular tramp, tramp, of the sentinels, as they walked their beats with shouldered muskets.

Darker and darker grew the night, and a damp, chilly wind sprang up and blew steadily from the east, and sent the sombre clouds scudding rapidly athwart the sky.

"I'm thinking we'll have a heavy storm before morning," muttered one of the sentinels, who was posted on the western border of the camp, which was the edge of a dense mass of large trees; halting and looking up at the overcast sky. "How silent the camp is! one would think that all the boys were dead," he continued, taking the musket from his shoulder and placing it but upon the ground. "What a splendid night it is for a bunch of rebel cavalry to pounce upon us and capture the whole camp; and I'd not be surprised if they did. I'm astonished at old Harris for straying so far from the main body with such a handful of troops!"

The soldier resumed his march along the edge of the timber for a few minutes, and then, as his ear caught the sound of a breaking twig close by, he suddenly stopped, and raised the hammer of his musket. "What is that?" he exclaimed hurriedly in whispers. "It sounds like the tramp of a horse—yes, it must be."

A moment later a single horseman emerged from the wood, not more than thirty feet from the sentinel, who raised his musket and exclaimed in an imperious tone: "Halt, or I'll fire!"

The horseman was evidently unprepared for this. The command had come to him altogether unexpected; and suddenly turning his horse's head about, he attempted to ride away, but the sentinel anticipating this, sprang forward and caught the bridle firmly in his hand.

"Let my horse go!" exclaimed the rider, quickly, "or I'll blow you into the middle of next week!"

The sentinel retained his hold upon the bridle, and the horseman drew a pistol from his belt, leveled it at his captor and fired, but the darkness had made his aim uncertain, and the ball flew harmlessly past the sentinel's head, and buried itself in the earth.

The report of the weapon had aroused the camp, and the horseman was soon a prisoner. When conducted before the light he proved to be a young man of medium size, with rather a handsome face. He was well armed, but dressed in citizen's garb.

He was taken to Colonel Harris's tent, where that officer, assisted by a number of his under-officers, proceeded to examine him. A number of papers were found on his person, containing convincing proof that he was a Confederate spy.

Colonel Harris took charge of these papers, and then ordered the prisoner to be taken to the guard tent, and there confined and carefully guarded until morning.

The prisoner was brought forth again in the morning; and the commander, after organizing a court-martial, proceeded to try him. In less than an hour's time he was convicted as a spy. His own confession, without the papers that were found on his person, would have done it alone.

He said his name was Joseph Carroll, and that he was a native of Baltimore, Maryland, and further acknowledged that he belonged to the Confederate army, and was employed in the secret service.

When he had been found guilty by the court-martial, Col. Harris arose from his seat and said:—"Joseph Carroll, you have been convicted as a spy. You have had a fair though rude trial, but it is really more than you deserved. You should have been hung to the nearest tree, as soon as caught! Consider that you have been dealt with according to military law. I will now pass your sentence: You will be shot this afternoon at sun-set, which gives you all day to prepare for death! Men, conduct the prisoner back to the guard tent; and Sergeant Hawk, see that he is doubly guarded!"

The day was passing quickly by, the sun was low in the western sky, and in Harris's camp preparations were being made for the execution.

A rude pine coffin, constructed from some boards torn from a fence near by, was placed on the ground, and Carroll brought forth. He had been very silent up to an hour before sunset, but at that time a change came over him, and sending for Col. Harris, he implored him to have mercy and pardon him, at least until he was better prepared to die. The commander shook his head. The prisoner then told the colonel of his young wife and child in Baltimore; of the sorrow and misery that would surely fall upon them, when they received the news of his death, and implored the colonel again to spare his life, but to no purpose. He would be shot at sun-set, the commander sternly told him, and not an hour's grace would be granted him!

Down—down sank the sun, bright and red, till it was very, very low in the West. Carroll was seated upon his rude coffin, and a handkerchief bound tightly over his eyes.

Captain Linton, by his superior's orders, chose ten men from the ranks, and ranged them in line not more than ten paces from Carroll; and then took a handkerchief from his pocket—the dropping of which was to be the signal for the men to fire.

"Be ready, men!" Linton said in a low voice; "aim at his heart, and fire the moment I give the signal!"

He stepped back and was about to drop the handkerchief, when the man on the end of the line nearest him dropped his musket to the ground and stepped away.

"Man, what do you mean by this?" the captain asked, catching him by the arm.

"Pick up your gun and take your place again."

"Never!" returned the man emphatically.

"Why not?" Linton asked, growing angry.

"Because he—the man that sits on yonder coffin—is my brother! Would you have me shoot him?"

"Your name is Carroll," said the captain, removing his hand from the man's arm. "You will be excused, and I will pick out another man to take your place."

"Why this delay, Captain Linton?" thundered Harris from his horse close by. "Let the execution be over with!"

The captain chose another man from the ranks, and was about to place him on the spot lately occupied by the prisoner's brother, when a Federal scout, his horse covered with sweat and foam, rode rapidly into the camp, exclaiming:

"There's a large body of rebel cavalry within a half mile of this camp! You'll be attacked in less than ten minutes. I've had a race for life!"

"Postpone the execution!" thundered the colonel, "and be ready to receive the enemy. Captain Felton, get your men into the saddle immediately and ascertain the size of this body of rebel cavalry before they are upon us! Don't let that prisoner escape, Sergeant Hawk, or I'll string you up to a tree!"

The body of Confederate cavalry proved to be much smaller than the Federal scout had reported; and after a slight skirmish with the Union cavalry they retreated in a body. No one was killed, and only two men slightly wounded in the skirmish, both of whom belonged to Captain Felton's company.

As the night was dark as its predecessor, Colonel Harris concluded to postpone the execution of Joseph Carroll till the next day.

A drizzling rain commenced to fall an hour before midnight, and the whole camp was shrouded in dreary blackness. A dark form was stealing quietly through the camp. Every foot movement the form paused and apparently tried to penetrate the dense darkness with his gaze—for it was the form of a man—for a second of time, and then sped onward.

Soon the man reached the prison-tent, where two sentinels were posted; and then laying his hand lightly on one of the guards' shoulders, said in a low voice:

"How goes it, Jim?"

"It don't go very well," Jim returned, wiping the rain from his face. "It's a bad night to be on guard; and as I've just come on I suppose I'll have to stick to it till morning. If I had a little whiskey I think I could stand it very well, but that article is as scarce in this camp as hen teeth!"

"I've got a canteen full," said the other,

er, who was Charley Carroll, the prisoner's brother. "I 'yanked' it out of the Cap's tent about two hours ago; and as you're a pretty good fellow I don't mind giving you a sup!"

"You're a trump, Charley!" returned Jim, as he took the proffered canteen and placed it to his lips.

"What's going on here?" asked the other guard, who until now had been standing a short distance off.

Charley informed him that they were taking a social drink, and handing him the canteen, which Jim had made much lighter, asked him if he would try it also.

When the spy's brother received the canteen again he perceived, with a feeling of intense satisfaction, that not much of the whiskey was left. He left the sentinels now, but returned within an hour's time, and found them both asleep by the tent door. The whiskey had been drunk, and had done its work well.

Charley Carroll crept into the tent, where there was a dim light burning, cut the string by which his brother's hands were bound, conducted him from the tent, and told him which way to go. The late prisoner pressed his brother's hand and sped away.

"Who goes there?" said a sentinel, as he reached the edge of the camp, and a musket ball whistled past him; but he sped on, and was soon safe in the darkness and forest.

Colonel Harris never discovered how the prisoner escaped! Of course the two guards said nothing about the whiskey, and Charley Carroll was not suspected for having anything to do with the spy's escape.

Joseph Carroll returned a month later, happy and well, to his young wife and child, and is now a well doing merchant in Baltimore, Maryland.

## Iceland.

In reviewing the "Journal of a Tour in Iceland," the Round Table furnishes, in two comprehensive paragraphs, about all one needs or cares to know about Iceland:

In the cold North sea, a little below the Arctic circle lies the island called Iceland. Presenting somewhat the form of an irregular ellipse, it occupies an area of about 87,000 square miles, affording the dull diversity of valleys without verdure, and mountains without trees. Desolation has here fixed its abode. It broods among the dells, and looks down upon the firds. The rocks and hillsides are sculptured with signs of an igneous origin, while the whole island is still the sport of convulsion. The ground trembles with the throes of the earthquake; the Geyser spouts scalding water; the plain belches mud; while the great Jokull, clad in robes of eternal snow—true priest of Ormuzd—brandishes aloft its volcanic torch, and threatens to become the incendiary of the sky.

The interior of the island is traversed with difficulty, even during the summer. Here may be seen peaks that the Alpine Club dare not climb. The scanty population dwells in thinly settled hamlets along the banks of the firds and streams, leaving the greater portion of the territory to the fox, the reindeer, and the occasional Greenland bear that floats over on the ice-berg. Only two quadrupeds, the moose and fox, are indigenous. So sterile is the soil and so brief the summer sun that life is supported only by a struggle. Indeed the neighboring ocean is much more hospitable than the dry land—for of the thirty-four species of mammalia twenty-four draw their food from the roiling main. The same is true of the birds, fifty-four of the ninety species being water fowl.

FIRST LOVE.—Ask a very young lady what she thinks of "first love," and she will tell you that it is the quintessence of all that is ecstatic, compared with which any so-called love that may come after it must be as sky-blue skimmed milk to clotted cream. Put the same to an enamored young gentleman of eighteen, and he will vow that it is the Clitquot champagne of human existence, to which all subsequent emotions, dignified with the name of love, are mere Jersey cider. But the mature of both sexes, in nine cases out of ten, can tell a different story. Boy and girl love is but a faint shadow of the intense passion which often overcomes and enthalls the middle-aged. The capacity for loving is not fully developed in the young, much who has just cast aside her doll, nor in the youth whose chin is but newly acquainted with the razor. The enthusiasm in these novices in the tender passion is generally transient. Of course there are exceptional cases, but, as a general rule, love does not take firm root in the heart before the age of twenty-five. Professors of undying devotion from young men of nineteen and twenty are not to be trusted.

The question which a lady who receives an offer of marriage should consider is not merely whether she has won the affections of her admirer, but also whether, if won, she can keep them. To have and to hold are two things.

PRUNING ROSES.—The past winter was very hard upon rose bushes; especially where they were lightly strawed up. In pruning them it should be done with a liberal hand. There need be no fear of injury. Nothing stands pruning better than the rose, and we think it is a benefit to it to be killed down to the ground every two or three years! Therefore, whenever any considerable dead portion of the wood appears, cut nearly or quite down to the ground, and it will give vigor to the root and new shoots, and the flowers will be much finer.

## For the Middletown Transcript.

### The Old School House.

Oh! where are all my school mates now?  
And echo answers where?  
The boys I played with years ago,  
And all the girls so fair?  
Some have died the Christian's death,  
And some have crossed the sea;  
There are some left, but they are few,  
Who used to play with me.

Not long ago I visited the scenes of my childhood, and among the rest the old brick school house in which I made my first attempt to climb the ladder of learning; and to which, on many sunny mornings in the long ago, I bent my willing footsteps. As I stood in the silent shade of the venerable oak trees that surrounded the school house, this line:

"Oh where are all my school mates now?"

Came to my mind, and my lips repeated it while my heart re-echoed the inquiry. Oh! where are they now? Of all that I knew and loved in those happy days of yore, how many remained to greet me, and the reply "none," seemed to be whispered to me as the wind sighed among the oak leaves over my head. Of all the merry boys and girls who used to play with me in the cool shade of those old trees at noon-time, none were the same. The hand of old Father Time, in passing, has traced furrows of care on the smooth white brows, and changed the clear ringing voices to the troubled tones of care and sorrow. As I thought of them all, I sighed for my childhood's friends, that are now vanished from me forever.

As I walked once more in the well-known paths that my childish feet had so often trod in days gone by, and that were then worn so bare by the many little feet that pressed them, but which were now so grass-grown that I could scarcely tread them. I noted the changes that had taken place on the old play ground and even in the school house itself. The path that I was following led me down to the spring that used to bubble so merrily over the pebbles and flow away through the meadow. But the weeds had grown up thick and rank around it, and choked the little brook's merry play, until it had grown dark and silent, and bending over it, until my face was mirrored on its still surface, I started to see how different the stern, grave face that met my gaze now, was from the fair childish one that I used to see. I looked around the play ground for the spot where I used to make my play houses, and I found that the noble oak that had sheltered me once in my merry play, had been cut down, and nothing remained of it but a decayed stump; with a half sigh I turned from it to the school house itself, and found even there that change had come. The bricks green and mossy were falling from the walls, pushed down by the rude weight of years, and the windows that were not broken, were dim and stained with the dust of years. I went and peeped in through a broken pane at the old desk where I used to con my lessons in the days that were past. How often have I sat in that old seat with my books that I should have been studying, lying idle in my lap, my hands clasped over it, and my eyes fixed on a far-away bit of blue sky that gleamed through an opening in the trees, building splendid castles in the air, and reveling in day-dreams, in which I saw myself loved and honored, and surrounded by friends who gloried in my greatness. What glorious, beautiful pictures would float through my brain, and how quickly they would vanish, when our teacher would tap on his desk to call us up to recite. Ah, no! my splendid vision would vanish quickly, and I would find I was merely a puzzled schoolgirl with an unlearned lesson, instead of a famed author!

I sigh as I recall the past, and gaze at the now vacant seats that my imagination filled with once loved companions, but who are now strangers; those who still live are changed from merry girls and boys, to grave, serious men and women, and some have done with the turmoil and trials of this world and long ago fall asleep in their childish innocence and purity.

I saw, rudely out by my childish fingers, in my old desk, my name; and as the rough letters met my eyes, they filled with tears, and my memory took me back through the long years that have passed since then, and there comes a wild longing and a vain wish to be a child again, and as I look around the deserted school-room I grieve,

"For the touch of vanished hands,  
And the sound of voices that are still."

My memory lingers on the girls and boys who stood side by side in our class, and who were then firm friends, but who are now scattered so far and wide over the globe. Perhaps most of them have forgotten each other, but I have not forgotten one, and I will try and trace out here, what some of their different fates were.

One, the youngest and fairest of us all, soon grew weary by the way, and for many a long year has been sleeping with the sods of the valley resting on her gentle bosom. Although for many long years the grass has grown green upon her grave, memory, faithful friend, will bring her magic mirror, and looking into it I see a vision of the fair face and the clear brown eyes that so early looked their last on this pleasant earth; and though the summer's bright flowers have bloomed and faded many times and the falling leaves of autumn have fallen softly, year after year, and the winter's wailing storms have chanted their dirge over the sacred mound that marks her last resting-place for long years, yet I still sorrow for the early dead. But

why should I grieve for her? I would rather, much rather, remember her as I do, bright, joyous and beautiful, than to have seen Time

"Marking the touch of his withered hand  
On her golden locks of hair?"

Fading the roses from her cheeks, and furrowing her smooth white brow with care's corroding touch: Sleep on, sweet friend, I hope some day to meet you in your bright home where no sorrow ever can come. Another, whose dark, bright beauty, merry sayings and joyous laughter, made her the queen of all our frolics, and who looked forward with bright hopes to a happy future, sleeps in her quiet grave under a dark cedar, after a short and sorrowful life. A pure white marble slab bears this inscription, and marks her last resting-place:

"Alice M. aged 19 years."

Another of that merry band, when his school-days were ended, crossed the sea in vain pursuit of the golden angel of wealth, and found instead, a grave in the deep blue sea, where the mermaids twine their snowy fingers in the brown curls, that his mother's hand has often smoothed caressingly, while the waves forever sigh a requiem over the bright young life so suddenly and so sadly ended.

Two more, who in the first flush of manhood shouldered their muskets, and gave their lives fully and freely in their country's defence, are now sleeping in a soldiers' quiet grave, with the grass and flowers growing lovingly over them, but with not a stone to mark their last home, but I know that the angel of peace has found each of their lonely graves and has folded her white wings over their still hearts. They stood side by side, loving friends in our old class, in their school-days, but on the battle-field they met face to face as foemen, and when the battle shock was over and the armies moved on, they were left sleeping, with hundreds of others, under the sod, one in blue the other in gray, awaiting the solemn day of judgement. Ah! Frank and Charlie, you little thought when playing your boyish sports on the old school-house green, how your lives were to be ended.

Two or three ambitious ones, closed their books, and turned their backs on their quiet country homes, and a peaceful farmers' life, and sought in the noise and turmoil in the far distant cities, to find an easier mode of earning their living than digging it out of the soil, but I fear they did not succeed, for I know that now they are toiling with stout hearts and willing hands to keep the wolf from the door. Do they, I wonder, in their busy lives ever close their eyes on the day-book and ledger shutting out the stern realities of life, and the restless scenes around them, and let their memories run back to the old school-house and the thousand pleasant recollections associated with it? Will the tears dim their eyes, as the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows, the ambitions, the aspirations, and the disappointments of their boyhood come thronging back to their minds, and the familiar scenes of the now quiet school-room seem passing in review before them? Will not a sadness steal over their hearts as they reflect that their school-boy days are gone forever, and have become but a memory of the past?

Two more are filling the sacred desk, and are proclaiming the mercy and goodness of our Heavenly Father; and a few are following our honored teacher's example and are trying to lead the young minds entrusted to their care up the thorny path-way of knowledge, as faithfully as he led us, in the years ago.

Some of our merry girls, in the brightness of their youth, married and settled down to a quiet country life, and though now demure matrons, they often think of the merry games, and mischievous pranks they played on the school-house green. They think of them with smiles on their lips but tears in their eyes, for many who were their companions in the play, sleep the solemn sleep that knows no awakening.

I wonder if any of them, in their remembrances of the old school-house ever think of the author of this? Perhaps they remember as part of a pleasant dream, the little shy, black-haired, dark-eyed girl, whose greatest ambition then was, to gain the head of the class and stand above the "big boys." But I doubt if any of them would recognize her in the grave woman whose life, thus far, has been passed in sorrow; not one of the dreams of my youth ever came near its fulfillment.

"They came and went like shadows,  
The blessed dreams of youth,  
But left behind no record  
Or impress of their truth.  
Then the future was all sunshine,  
In gorgeous dreams arrayed,  
But ever as I've reached it  
The sunshine turned to shade."

But still I have some memories of the past that I cherish because of their sweetness. And among these none I cling to so fondly as my school-days. They are my sweetest but still the saddest memories of all, for they make me realize in its full force the truth of the poet's saying:

"That our sorrow's crown of sorrow  
Is remembering happier things."

## ONE OF THE CLASS.

A missionary writes from Harpoon, Asia, the site of the Garden of Eden of Scripture, that the men there knit and bake, while the women do the drudgery, prepare all the fuel, and perform all of the severest out-door work.

A boy five years old, was killed and devoured by a lynx recently in Iowa.

## Letter from Millington.

Correspondence of the Middletown Transcript.

MILLINGTON, July 6th, 1868.

For some time your correspondent has been spying around among his friends and neighbors for—somehow—to send out for the edification of the readers of the Middletown Transcript; but whichever way he turned his eyes (he is not near-sighted either) nothing out of the common way met his enquiring gaze; not a loose feather in anybody's crest—that is, not a tangible feather; none that could be pulled without a piteous squawk, (have I coined that word? I have spelled it three different ways and at last have settled upon that way) from the devoted fowl—though furnishing a feather or two to assist in raising a breeze, or brushing out the flies this warm weather, ought to be considered—if not an enviable distinction—at least a concession to the public weal. Well, Mr. Editor, the only thing of much importance that has happened lately, is our "Fourth of July Sunday School Pic-Nic." Oh no, some of our friends have deserted us for a period—what for I don't know—if people can't enjoy themselves in Millington, it is a pity; it is the nicest little gossip place you ever saw; we have an ice-cream saloon, too; gossip and ice-cream! nectar and ambrosia! what more can civilized people want?—*verba sapientiae satius est.* If the friends only knew how much they are missed, they would hasten their return nor wander again; but then you know "blessings brighten as they take their flight," and I think of that adage, so old that perhaps none of this generation have seen or heard of it. "E'en Spring would be but gloomy weather if we had nothing else but Spring." Is it not pathetic, heart touching, when we look back upon the lovely days of Spring, whose delicate foot steps are being obliterated by the advancing wheels of Summer's car? Her picture drawn in my memory reminds me of the beautiful nymphs of Cape May, just emerging from the element from which Venus is said to have sprung, clothed in the graceful bathing dress, and umbrella hat, suitable for a visit to the briny deep; her hair tripped with sponges, and a stray rainbow or two for sash, for of course she must not be out of the fashion. If some artist could only get hold of my idea, and transfer it to canvass, we should have a picture worthy of the subject. But apropos of the "Pic-Nic" (which word I once heard defined by a Methodist minister as a "pick at old nick," because, I presume, happy children are not in his line. For weeks beforehand, our little lassies and laddies were thinking of naught but the Fourth, and at last it came, bright and fair, filled with "the ripened July warmth that seemed akin to a fire, that stole long summers thro' the throws of youth to soften my soul." At an early hour, the children (we have some here that I wish could stay children all their lives) met at the church, and after displaying their happy faces in procession through the town, were conveyed, flags, banners, and all, by vehicles of every description, to Jones' woods, about a mile distant. Speeches, and dialogues were the order of the day, interspersed with vocal music. Two prizes were awarded to the two best speakers, equitably, I presume, though I was at such a distance from the stand that I could not have the honor of numbering myself among the judges, and as the sun sank smilingly to rest, giving place to the Angel of night, with closing eyes and drooping wings, the happy little children wended their way homeward, tired, no doubt, but if they enjoyed their Fourth half so well as your correspondent, they will look back to it through coming years as to a day of unalloyed happiness. May they have many such to help them "keep through wrong and ruth."

"In their hearts the dew of youth,  
On their lips the smile of truth,  
Oh! that dew like him shall steal,  
Into wounds that cannot heal,  
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;  
And the smile like sunshine dart,  
Into many a soulless heart,  
For a smile of GOD thou art."

One beautiful child left his picture in my memory, and I can't help wishing to picture him to all, if I can do him justice. I think he must have been about three years of age, with brown hair and great black eyes, wide open as if half surprised at finding himself among so many strange faces, a warm flush on his sweet face, and his dimpled shoulders fairly out of his plain white dress, without a vestige of gold, or green, or brocade, to mar his childish loveliness. I felt as if I would like to run away with him, but was kept in awe by the grave, elderly looking gentleman who had him in charge. I never saw him before and most likely shall never again.

May he only see upon earth  
The brightness and the sun,  
And then with smiles upon his lips,  
His pilgrimage be done.

## FAMA.

Before you acquire a taste for whiskey, insure your life and take farewell of your family. The certain death which whiskey brings is only a question of time. He is always bearing surely down upon his victim, like a strong man armed, and comes inevitably as fate or taxes.

COFFEE FOR SCOURS IN ANIMALS.—A farmer's wife says that three table-spoonsful of ground Java coffee given to a cow in a moss will cure the scours, and a less quantity given to a calf or pig will never fail to accomplish the desired result.

Ohio Farmer.

## Letter from Odessa.

Correspondence of the Middletown Transcript.

Odessa, July 10th.

DEAR EDITOR.—The people of Odessa, do not present themselves before your readers as the substance of greatness, or the paragon of perfection. They are as other people, some possess the quality of goodness, others do not; some Christians in their professions and practices and others, if they make claim to that noble and god-like qualification, would not in their daily walk and conversation commit a falsehood. Some blessed by nature have pretty faces, others console themselves by thinking that there are persons as homely as they. Some have improved upon common sense to such a degree, that they claim more than ordinary intelligence, whilst others say when "ignorance is bliss it is folly to be wise." But to award to the people of Odessa that praise due them, would be more than our feeble pen can do.

From our earliest recollections of the citizens of this town, we have found them as a class noted for their sobriety, intelligence and hospitality. We can lie down at night, and rest without any fear of being disturbed by midnight revels, that so often occur in other towns. Drunkenness is frowned upon, and men who get drunk skulk from the sight of a public that will hold them to a strict account. Tatling, that seems to be a favorite occupation in other towns, appears to have been mutually agreed upon as an useless appendage to the society of Odessa. If a lady has a beau, who calls to see her more than once in seven days, her neighbors seem to think she has a right either to invite him in the parlor, or converse upon the porch, or that the beau himself is justifiable in leaving a basket of the delicacies of the season. If Miss S. or Mrs. T. gets a bouquet that costs ten or twelve dollars, Mrs. B. or Miss L. thinks of course the lady can afford it, and that it is nobody's business. In short the Odessians attend to their own business, and let others do the same. In intelligence they go beyond most towns of this or other States. We can in a manner account for this qualification from a library, raised through the donations of Dr. Corbitt, some time since deceased, and Daniel Corbitt Esq. of this town. It numbers now 1500 volumes, and the prospect is through the interest accruing from the investment of these donations, that it will be at no far distant day an extensive fund of reading matter. These worthy men have the thanks of a public seeking truth, and we are assured that the rising generation will "rise up and call them blessed." The library is under the immediate charge of Mr. Mahlon Foster. He is gentlemanly and always ready to recommend works suitable to those desiring books; besides, he has become so proficient in his duties that he knows the exact spot to find any work called for. For the kind offices shown to the people, he will accept their thanks through this medium. To say that the people are not hospitable and charitable would be to deny the contrary assertions of many who have visited us. The people are always ready, with word and deed to help those who try to help themselves, and many are the testimonies of the poor and unfortunate of this town, for the repeated acts of hospitality shown them. With this feeble introduction of the people of Odessa, we close.

Respectfully, &c.

## A COMMERCIAL VIEW OF THE CROPS.

The Cincinnati Price Current, of the 14th instant thus speaks of the wheat harvest and other crops:

Wheat has been harvested, pretty generally, in all the States south of the Ohio river, and also in the southern portion of Illinois. The yield is not very heavy, but the quality is pretty generally highly spoken of. In portions of Indiana the wheat has been doing considerable damage, but this does not extend over a large district. The accounts from the entire Union, with an exception here and there, as regards the crops are generally favorable more generally so than has been the case for many years. The indications of an abundant crop are quite favorable, and should this be the case, a large increase in the pork crop may be looked for the coming season, because the supply of stock-hogs will be unusually large; for not only was the supply left over from last season large, farmers not having fattened them because of the high price of corn and the comparative low price of pork, but the increase since then has been liberal, so that the number now in the Western States, it will be seen must be unusually large.

## SOVEREIGN REMEDY FOR DIARRHOEA.

This is the season when











## Select Poetry.

### THE LAST NEW BALLAD.

"I will not ask to press that cheek."  
Without a guarantee  
That Nature spreads the pearl and red  
Which there always see:  
Those lustrous lips will not touch  
Unless you promptly say  
That their bright hue is fast and true,  
And will not wash away.

Those brilliant eyes may owe their charm  
To belladonna's use;  
Complexion tints, I've heard dark hints  
Are changed by walnut juice;  
And if I ask the dearest girl,  
For whom alone I live,  
For one long kiss to kiss and bless,  
It may be her's to give.

The penciled brow, the raven lash,  
Are open to a doubt,  
And some mistrust, but they're unjust,  
The shape I have about;  
So in this dubious state of things,  
And as the weather's warm,  
I will not ask to press that cheek,  
Or ask to clasp that form.

—Punch.

## Wit and Humor.

### Hints to Farmers.

In planting or hoeing corn, use the ordinary hoe in general use. Neither India rubber hose nor cotton hose would be of any account in a cornfield; no more would one of Hoe's eight-cylinder presses. Don't try to hold the plow out at arm's length. You can't do it. If you haven't a plow of your own, get out an attachment on your neighbor's, who owes you. Any justice will tell you whether you can hold it or not.

I asked an old farmer once when was the best time to put in rye. He looked at his watch and replied: "This is about the hour." The rye was immediately put in. All seasons are the same for putting in rye.

The best place to keep corn is in a corn-husk, though some prefer to keep it in the system—in the juice. If they don't keep corn, they keep corn.

Good fencing is essential to a farm. Get a good "fencing" master to learn you. A rail fence is better than an imaginary one. You can't repair a worm fence by taking vermin.

Set fire to your stables if you wish to make them warm in winter.

To make stone fence, take equal parts of vinegar and cider. This is the reciprocal stone fence; the more you lay of it the more it will "lay" you.

The easiest way to draw saw-logs is on a piece of paper with a crayon pencil. After a little practice you will be able to draw the largest kind of saw-logs with perfect ease.

Packing-thread is of no use in packing pork. In curing hams the time varies. Hams that have got the trichina can't be cured at all.

RITUALISM.—An advanced young woman of seven or eight summers had been brought up to go to "meeting" and consequently was ignorant of the doctrinal significance of the terms High Church, Low Church, Broad Church, Ritualism, etc. She had been taken by a friend to the Episcopal Church on a communion Sunday, and on returning home was asked by her papa how she liked the service. She replied: "I don't like to go to a place where a minister has to change his shirt three times during meeting."

During the war of 1812, an old gentleman who was always on the alert to obtain the latest news from the army, made his usual inquiry of a wag. "The latest news from the army," replied the wag, "is that they are in statu quo." "Ah! how far is that from Montreal?" asked the old gentleman.

Figaro tells of a gay young American belle, whose name Napoleon asked on the occasion of her presentation at court. "Helen," she replied. "I could wish, mademoiselle, that I were Paris," gallantly returned the sovereign. "Impossible, sire, since you are France!" said she, with ready wit.

AN EARTHLY REPLY.—A young lady married a man of the name of Dust, against the wishes of her parents. After a short time, they lived unhappily together, and she returned to her father's house; he refused to receive her, saying: "Dust thou art, and unto Dust thou shalt return."

Oh, my dear," said Mrs. Bumble to her daughter, "you must have something warm around you in the carriage." Miss B. mentioned the request to her beau, and he immediately complied with it.

In Cincinnati they have formed the N. G. U. Association. The members are to Never Get Up in a railroad car to give any one a seat, unless it be an aged person or a woman with a child in her arms.

A Negro being caught stealing from a hen-roost, excused himself by saying, "Dat he only came dar to see if de chickens sleep wid dar eyes open."

"What are you doing?" said a father to his son, who was tinkering at an old watch. "Improving my time," was the witty rejoinder.

Probably the funniest thing about the female sex, as a general thing, is the hemming of their cambric handkerchiefs.

What is the difference between an accepted and rejected lover? The accepted kisses the misses; the rejected misses the kisses.

A young Missourian, eulogizing his girl's beauty, said: "I'll be dog-goned if she ain't as purty as a red wagon."

A man carrying a basket of mortar on his head is a sub-line character.

Slight-of-Hand Performance.—A girl's refusal of an offer of marriage.

How long does a widow mourn for her husband? She mourns for a second.

## A CARD TO THE PUBLIC.

THE undersigned, having rented the large and convenient room formerly occupied by Mr. T. E. Jump, at Warwick, has just opened a large and complete assortment of all kinds of

### GOODS,

necessary to be kept in a first class store. Having come among you for the purpose of making an honest living, he hopes by close attention to business to receive a share of the public patronage, pledging himself to make it to your interest to give him a call, intending to sell any and all goods as low as they can be bought in any town on the shore; call in and examine, and if it is not so, you are not compelled to buy. No charge for showing goods.

**Look at Some of the Prices,**  
Calicoes, 8, 10, 12 and 16 cents per yard.  
Bleached and Brown Muslins, 10, 12, 15, 18, and 25 cents per yard.  
Good and all wool Cassimeres, 65, 75, and \$1.00 per yard. Fine Black Cloth and Cassimeres from \$1.25 to \$5.00.

**A Fine Stock of Ready Made Clothing**  
AT VERY LOW PRICES.

### GROCERIES.

Brown Sugar, 12, 16 and 17 cents. White, 17 and 18 cents per lb. Green Coffee, 25 and 30 cents per lb. Burnt Coffee, 30 cents per lb. Good Molasses, 55, 60 and 65 cents per gal. Best Syrup, \$1.00 per gallon.  
Pure Cider Vinegar, 40 cts. per gal. Coal Oil, the very best, 50 cts. per gallon.

**QUEENWARE, HARDWARE, TINWARE, WOODEN and WILLOW-WARE.**

### NOTIONS.

Hosiery, Gloves, Fancy Soaps, Perfumery, Laces, Edgings and Trimmings.

**BOOTS, SHOES, HATS and CAPS,** a full line, at low prices.  
Oil Cloths, Table Covers, Straw Mattings and Carpets.

Collars, Brackets, Halters, Ropes and Chain Traces, Shovels, Spades, Rakes and Hoes.

All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for goods, at the highest market prices.

### WOOL WANTED.

The highest market price given for Wool. Call in and examine, and if there is anything you want and don't see it, call for it and we will have it.

P. S.—Remember no trouble to show goods. Respectfully,  
May 30-ly A. W. SPARKS.

### WM. L. CHALKS,

Flour, Feed and Provision Store,  
No. 9 West Main St.  
Middletown, Delaware.

**KEEPS constantly on hand the best grades of**  
Flour, Meal and Feed of all kinds, Corn and Oats. Vegetables of all kinds in their season, also, Fresh Meat, Beef, Veal and Mutton, sliced Ham, Dried Beef, Bologna Sausage, Butter and Eggs. Market days—Wednesday and Saturday.

Flour, Feed and Meal, in quantities of 50 lbs. and upwards will be delivered to purchasers free of charge. All the above articles will be sold at the very lowest Cash prices, all goods cash on delivery. Thankful for the liberal Patronage of the past year, I hope by strict attention to business to merit a continuance of the same.

P. S.—Having made arrangements with the Odessa stage driver, to take orders for me, I will visit Odessa, three times a week, Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays, and deliver Flour, Meal and Feed, in quantities to suit. Orders delivered to Mr. Money, will receive prompt attention. This arrangement will be continued with Mr. Chance or his driver, at the expiration of Mr. Money's time.

Having made arrangements with the Celebrated Miller, Mr. Drummond, to be supplied with his best Flour, I can sell the same at his own rate, and in quantities to suit. Orders delivered to Mr. Money, will receive prompt attention. This arrangement will be continued with Mr. Chance or his driver, at the expiration of Mr. Money's time.

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## GRANVILLE WORRELL,

220 AND 222 MARKET STREET,  
Wilmington, Del.

AMERICAN, ENGLISH, GERMAN AND FRENCH

### DRY GOODS.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN

**CARPETS and Oil Cloths.**

### CHINA AND CALCUTTA

**MATTINGS, MATS, RUGS, &c. &c.**

WE are prepared to fill orders for Churches, Hotels, Private Dwellings and Public Buildings, furnishing them complete, including Sheets, Blankets, Counterpanes, Towels, Curtains, Cornices, Stair Rods, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Damasks, &c. Orders will be taken and estimates furnished of the whole cost, with articles furnished or otherwise, as parties commencing housekeeping may prefer.

We cannot enumerate even leading departments, owing to the extent of our business, but have a full assortment of various lines in

**DRESS FABRICS, MOURNINGS, WHITE GOODS, FURNISHING GOODS, HOSIERY, FLANNELS, &c. &c. &c.**

Our long experience, combined with our intimate and extensive acquaintance with the largest and best Importing and Domestic Housekeeping country give us, we believe, advantages shared by no other house to the same extent in Delaware, and we wish distinctly to state that we are prepared to sell *always* as low or lower than Philadelphia Merchants.

THE MOTTO OF THE HOUSE  
CHEAP, PROMPT AND RELIABLE.  
March 7, 1868-ly

**CARRIAGES!**  
**CARRIAGES!**

**McLear & Kendall**  
EXTENSIVE MANUFACTURERS  
AT THEIR

**Mammoth Establishment,**  
Ninth and King Streets,  
WILMINGTON,  
DELAWARE.

Have now in stock the finest lot of Carriages ever offered for sale in Delaware, and at prices which will astonish all who call.  
The latest style of

**BUGGIES,**  
and all kinds of  
**FANCY CARRIAGES**

at greatly reduced rates. Warranted in every respect as good as the Best.

**GIVE US A CALL.**  
**SAVE MONEY!**  
**CARRIAGES!**

**CARRIAGES!!**  
**CARRIAGES!!!**

April 25th—3mos.  
**DR. J. J. VANDERFORD,**  
Graduate of the Pennsylvania College of  
DENTAL SURGERY.

HAVING located in Middletown, Del., respectfully announces to the public that he is prepared to perform all operations pertaining to the practice of

**DENTISTRY.**  
ARTIFICIAL TEETH Mounted on Dental Vulcanite, a material superior to metals in its adaptability and durability.

Persons having had adjusted gold plates can have them exchanged for the Vulcanite. Great care will be given to Children's Teeth; irregularities corrected, and deciduous teeth preserved until the permanent ones make their appearance.

A superior Dentist constantly on hand. Office seven doors east of the Bank.  
January 4, 1868-ly

**DR. MUSGROVE,**  
DENTIST,  
ELKTON, MARYLAND.

OFFICE—Opposite the Presbyterian Church. Teeth Extracted with the Forceps, Pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas; or by the latest improved method—the Spray Process, formed by Rigioline or Ether.

This Narcotic Spray is used where sensitive teeth are to be extracted, prior to filling. Also, for PAINLESS removal of the Dental Pulp, and for minor surgical operations.

**ARTIFICIAL TEETH** inserted, from one to a full set.  
Persons from a distance desiring protracted operations will please notify by mail, or otherwise, thereby saving disappointment and loss of time.

Tooth Powder and Mouth Wash kept constantly on hand; also, Dr. J. D. White's Dentine. THOMAS H. MUSGROVE, D. D. S.  
Elkton, Md., January 18, 1868-ly

**ATTEND TO YOUR TEETH.**  
FEW persons are properly impressed with the importance of giving early and constant attention to decaying teeth. The health is often affected by them, to say nothing of the inconvenience and suffering, which they produce. It is important to have all caries promptly arrested. If treated in time most teeth may be preserved.

**Teeth Extracted Without Pain,**  
by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas, a harmless and pleasant anesthetic.  
J. J. VANDERFORD, D. D. S.  
Middletown, Del.  
May 9-ly

**CHARLES BAILLIARD,**  
DENTIST,  
BROAD STREET, MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

**WATCHES** Carefully Repaired, and Jewels of all descriptions neatly mended, with care and dispatch.  
March 14-2mos.

**LIVERY STABLE.**  
HORSES and CARRIAGES for hire at the Stables of L. R. Davis' Middletown Hotel. The horses are safe, and careful drivers will be provided when desired. Terms moderate. Apply to THOS. MURRAY.  
Jan. 4-ly

**WHEELWRIGHTING.**  
THE undersigned have commenced the above business in Middletown, corner of Main and Anderson streets, and solicit a share of the public patronage. They flatter themselves that their work cannot be surpassed. The Blacksmithing will be conducted by John C. Vandenberg, and the Wheelwrighting by J. Leachy. Wagon, Plow and all kinds of country work and Coach Smithing, done to order.

Repairing neatly and promptly attended to. Special attention given to repairing. All work warranted to give perfect satisfaction.  
JOHN C. VANDENBERG, LEACHY & LEE.  
April 11th, 1868-3mos

**MIDDLETOWN IRON FOUNDRY**  
AND  
**MACHINE SHOP.**

PLOWS and Plow Castings, Machine Castings of all kinds on hand or made to order. Particular attention given to Repairing Machinery. Cash for old iron.  
WM. L. BUCKE & SON,  
Founders and Machinists.  
April 4-ly

**OLD NEWSPAPERS,** for sale and convenient Wrapping Paper, a cheap and this office.

## BOOKS, STATIONERY,

AND  
**VARIETY STORE.**

**SCHOOL BOOKS and Miscellaneous Works,**  
Bibles, Prayer Books and Hymn Books,  
BLANK BOOKS, in various styles of binding.  
Tuck, Memorandum, Pass Books.

**Stationery of all kinds.**  
Photograph Albums, Work Boxes, Fancy Boxes, Writing Desks, Ladies' Satchels, Pocket Books, Port Folios, Puzzles, Portemonnaies, Sewing Cases, Picture Frames, Trusses and Cords, Looking Glasses.

**Back Gammon Boards,**  
**CHESS & CHECKER MEN,**  
**GAMES OF ALL KINDS.**

Rubber Pencils and Pencilholders, Writing Fluid Ink Stands, Pocket Cutlery, Rogers' Scissors, Silex Buttons, Sticks, Breast Pins, Finger Rings Spectacles, Violin Strings, Combs, Brushes, Nail and Tooth Brushes, Gum Bands, Watch Keys, Key Rings, and Puff Boxes.

**A Fine Assortment of Colgate & Co's. Soap,**  
**PHALANX NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS,**  
Wright's and Taylor's Superior Extracts,  
Pomades, Hair Oils, and  
Dental Soap, of the first quality.

**GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.**  
Neck Ties of various styles, Bismarck Collars, Gloves, Hose, Handkerchiefs, Cuffs, Wristlets, &c. &c.

Segars, Tobacco Pipes, Meerschaums, and Tobacco Pouches.  
Lamps, Lamp Chimneys, Wicks and Coal Oil.

**DEALER IN NEWSPAPERS—**  
New York Ledger,  
Harper's Weekly, Bazaar and Magazine.  
Frank Leslie, Chimney Corner, Weekly.  
Gleaner's Literary Companion,  
Godey's, Peterson's, Atlantic, Arthur's, Galaxy and Mm's, Demorest's Magazines.

A large variety of Fancy Articles. Call and examine, at  
D. L. DUNNING'S,  
Corner of Main and Sixth streets,  
Middletown, Del.  
Jan. 4-3mos.

**CHEAP DRY GOODS.**  
**Andrew E. Crow & Co.**

WOULD respectfully inform the citizens of Middletown and surrounding country that they have commenced the Dry Goods Business at

207 Market St. Wilmington, Del.  
where they intend to keep a large and well selected stock of FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS, such as

Merinoes, Poplins, Alpaca & Coburgs,  
BOTH BLACK AND COLORED.

We would call special attention to our stock of  
**Table and Shirting Linens,**  
**BLEACHED AND**  
**UNBLEACHED MUSLINS,**  
**CALICOES AND DOMESTICS.**

**A FULL LINE OF CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES,**  
FOR MEN AND BOYS WEAR.

Please call and examine our stock and prices before purchasing.

**QUICK SALES & SMALL PROFITS.**  
DO NOT FORGET THE NUMBER,  
207 MARKET STREET, Wilmington, Del.

January 25-ly  
**ANDREW E. CROW & CO.**

**GOLD MEDAL PIANOS**  
AND PARLOR ORGANS.

**STIEFF'S PIANOS—THE BEST NOW MADE.**  
**GOLD MEDAL** for the best Piano manufactured has been awarded for the year 1867, to CHARLES M. STIEFF, examined and pronounced by the best Professors in Baltimore to be the BEST PIANOS, and were in competition with the best of the world.

Stieff's Pianos contain improvements that are not to be found in other instruments, and are all made at his extensive Factory and out of the best seasoned material, and warranted for five years.

Call and examine for yourselves. They are sold at lower prices than any other house. SECOND HAND PIANOS from \$50 to \$300. Also, PARLOR ORGANS for sale cheap at STIEFF'S.

No. 7 North Liberty Street,  
Baltimore.  
January 4, 1868.

**DRUGS & MEDICINES.**  
**H. Richmond Chamberlaine,**  
MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

**DEALER** in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals and Patent Medicines. Fancy and Toilet Articles, Sponges, Brushes, Perfumery and Soaps. Pure Wines and Liquors for medicinal use. Lamps, Lamp Fixtures, Shades, Wicks, Cleaners, &c. The latest improvements in Burners and Chimneys.

Physicians' Prescriptions carefully compounded and orders answered with care and despatch. Physicians and Farmers will find our stock of Medicines complete, warranted genuine and of the best quality.

Cigars and Tobacco of the best Baltimore manufacture. Store—Main Street, opposite Davis' Hotel.  
January 18-ly

**BLACKSMITHING AND**  
**Wheelwrighting.**

THE undersigned have commenced the above business in Middletown, corner of Main and Anderson streets, and solicit a share of the public patronage. They flatter themselves that their work cannot be surpassed. The Blacksmithing will be conducted by John C. Vandenberg, and the Wheelwrighting by J. Leachy. Wagon, Plow and all kinds of country work and Coach Smithing, done to order.

Repairing neatly and promptly attended to. Special attention given to repairing. All work warranted to give perfect satisfaction.  
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April 4-ly

**OLD NEWSPAPERS,** for sale and convenient Wrapping Paper, a cheap and this office.

## LUMBER. LUMBER.

THE subscribers offer to the citizens of Middletown and surrounding country their thanks for the very liberal patronage they have received, and enhance this medium in announcing to all builders and contractors and those in want of Lumber, that they are prepared to supply them on the most liberal terms. We have reduced our prices at the market has demanded, and we think that they will compare with the city prices. Our stock is very large, embracing a full assortment of

**SPRUCE,**  
**HEMLOCK,**  
**AND OAK FRAMING STUFF.**

**ALL SIZES.**  
**WHITE PINE BOARDS,**  
**HEMLOCK**  
**OAK PLANK,**  
**WHITE PINE DO.**

**WHITE PINE SIDING.**  
**YELLOW PINE FLOORING,**  
**HEMLOCK**  
**PLASTERING LATHES.**

**SPRUCE AND CYPRESS SHINGLES.**  
**PLAIN AND FANCY PICKETING.**  
**SASH, DOORS AND BLINDS.**

**Building Hardware,**  
**NAILS AND SPECIALITIES.**

**BRICKS,**  
**CALCINE PLASTER, LIME & HAIR.**  
**HEWED PHOSPHATE.**

**PAINTS, OIL, TURPENTINE,**  
**VARNISH, DRY JAPAN, GLASS.**

**J. B. FENIMORE & CO.,**  
On the Railroad, above the National Hotel.  
January 25-ly

**The Knickerbocker Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York,**  
**ACCUMULATED CASH ASSETS FOR THE SECURITY OF POLICY HOLDERS,**  
\$3,500,000.

**POLICIES ISSUED, 1867:**  
INCOME FOR THE YEAR, OVER \$2,000,000  
PAID TO WIDOWS AND ORPHANS OF DECEASED MEMBERS, \$300,000  
AMOUNT OF INSURANCE COVERED BY POLICIES, \$50,000,000

**NO RESTRICTION ON RESIDENCE OR TRAVEL—ALL POLICIES ARE NON-FORFEITABLE.**

**PREMIUMS CAN BE PAID ALL IN CASH, OR A PREMIUM NOTE CAN BE GIVEN FOR ONE-HALF, IF DESIRED.**

**The Company is Mutual in its Plan of Operations.**

**BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, SAYS:—**"A Policy of Life Insurance is the cheapest and safest mode of making a certain provision for one's family."

**LIFE INSURANCE**, has the approbation of Clergymen, Statesmen, Lawyers' Physicians, Merchants &c. Get your Life Insured without delay. Life is uncertain and full of contingencies.

ALFRED G. COX, AGENT,  
Middletown, Del.  
Jan 18-6m

**ORIGIN**  
And History of the Books of the Bible,

**BOTH** the Canonical and Apocryphal, showing what the Bible is not, what it is, and how to use it. (New Testament.) With Illustrations. By Prof. Calvin B. Stowe, D. D. for more than thirty years Biblical Professor at Andover, Cincinnati, and other Theological Seminaries, and acknowledged to be one of the best informed Bible students of the age. This work is one of patient research, diligent study, and ripe experience, being in fact the life work of the author.

It will treat of 1. The common popular objections to the Bible at the present day. What the Bible is not, what it is, and how to use it.

2. The evidences upon which we receive the Sacred Books, and description of the Ancient Manuscripts of the New Testament, with fac-simile illustrations.

3. Brief Biographies of 100 Ancient Witnesses to the New Testament, whose testimony is most important, much of it cited in this great work.

4. The testimony for the Historical Books, and a full examination, separately, of the four Gospels.

5. The Apocryphal Gospels, and fragments of apocryphal books supposed to be lost.

6. Modern substitutes for the Gospel History, with an examination of the works of Strauss, Weiss, Gieseler, Bruno Bauer, F. C. Bauer, Reuss, &c., intending to meet the needs of the unthinking grocer with regard to the authority of Scripture, so prevalent at the present day.

7. Acts of the Apostles, the Apocryphal Acts and the four Epistles of Paul. The Catholic and the Apocryphal Epistles. Revelation of St. John, and the Apocryphal Revelations.

8. The Bible Prophecies and the Classical Oracles contrasted.

9. The Apocryphal Books of the Old Testament, and the reason for their exclusion from the Canon.

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